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SNAPSHOTS & REMINISCENCES OF ANZAC

BY
LIEUT. E. H. BEST,
11TH LIGHT HORSE
A I F.



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Snapshots and Reminiscences of Anzac



Lieutenant E. H. Best
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11th Light Horse Regiment passing along Queen Street, Brisbane. previous to embarkation, 1915.

FOREWORD

A few days ago I visited Enoggera just to have a look at the old familiar spots where in the early days of the war we, of the 11th Light Horse, marched and drilled, first in our own civilian clothes as raw recruits, later in dungarees and white cloth hats with our dummy rifles, chopped from gum saplings in four-foot lengths; and where later still as the finished article, we rode fully equipped Light Horsemen in our daily training.

What a change has taken place. Where is the old unallotted Light Horse camp? Where are the horse lines at Thompson's paddock, and the old Greenslopes Infantry camp? Gone, all gone, and in their places are Headquarters and Rifle Range camps. Headquarters standing on the old parade ground where each morning we took our horses for exercise and water, and Rifle Range camp with its up-to-date "White City" containing billiard rooms, gymnasium, shooting gallery, stadium and picture theatre, standing precisely on the spot where we, of the unallotted Light Horse spent many an hour on wood fatigue. Little we thought that as we cut down the timber, growing thickly there in those days, we were clearing a site for such a camp and such a blessing as the White City must be to all later members of the A.I.F.

If only one could assemble all the incidents which go to make a soldier's life one of unceasing change and interest, how interesting would be the

narrative, but out of a mass of matter, one can only select a few incidents of more than passing interest.

In this little booklet I have made a collection of photographs, all of them to me breathing memories and interest, and I only hope that they will prove of interest to some others who still have "Anzac" and all that it means fresh in their minds and memories.

Most of the photographs were taken by the author with a small vest pocket camera, and the films carefully treasured as links with that great adventure on Gallipoli Peninsula.

The stories and incidents related herein have the virtue of being true, and I hope will commend themselves to their readers.

“ABDUL.”

The Turk, or as the Anzacs knew him, Abdul or Jacko, was almost invariably a fair opponent. On one occasion I can recall—a water carrier was coming round the beach with two full cans of water, one hanging in front and one at his back. Orders had been given that this track was not to be used by water carriers, as it was exposed to snipers' fire. This man, however, took his chance and was sniped, the bullet passing through the front can then through his body and out through the can on his back. Four men immediately ran down to him with a stretcher, and in full view of the Turkish sniper bound up the unfortunate fellow, tenderly lifted him on to the stretcher and brought him into shelter without the Turk firing again when he could have easily bagged the lot.

On another occasion, at Lone Pine, a suspicious pungent smell crept along our trenches and as we often wondered if the Turks would use gas, we began to feel uncomfortable. Presently, however, a notice board was hoisted from the Turkish trenches opposite, bearing in large print this message: “Australians do not be afraid, we are not using gas, we are only fumigating our trenches.”

On the extreme right flank where our sandbag rampart crossed the beach and ended about three yards from the sea's edge, our men were in the habit of playing a game with death. Water was scarce and in order to get sufficient to wash their mess tins, they would take turns at dashing from the edge of the rampart to the sea, filling their mess tins with sea water and dashing back again. The Turkish snipers entered into the game with a will, and took snap shots at the flying figures. I can only recall one case in which a man was seriously wounded. After this happened a small galvanised-iron tank was sunk in the sand out of sight of the snipers and at high tide was filled.



All of us at times look death in the face, but certain occasions are impressed on our memory more than others. One incident often comes back to my mind and seems indelibly fixed there.

It was at Lone Pine on the occasion of my first attempt at bomb-throwing. I had taken a good look at my objective through a periscope, a loophole built up with the familiar black and white sandbags of the Turks, and measured the distance with my eye—about 25 yards. Every now and then a rifle would be thrust through and a bullet would plunk into our parapet or whistle past our head or smash the glass of one of our periscopes. My first bomb landed short by about three yards, and I turned round to take another jam tin bomb from a mate who was handing it up from the trench below me. I must have unwittingly straightened myself up as when I turned again towards the parapet, imagine my horror to find myself staring out over the top of our sandbags in full view of the enemy. I vividly remember seeing two rifles projecting from the two Turkish loopholes opposite and just evidently getting a bead on me. I ducked and bang! Two bullets seemed to shave my cap, while a Turkish bomb landed just outside the parapet and threw dust and sand all over me. There are disadvantages attached to being a tall man in the trenches.

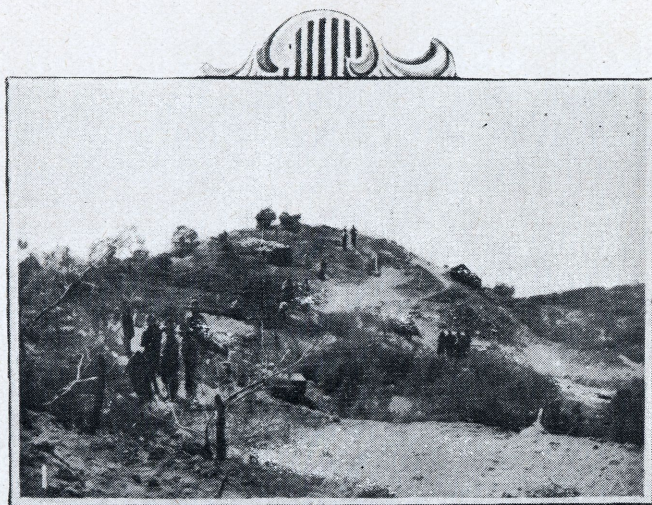
Life in the trenches is at times monotonous, and any little incidents which tend to amuse are eagerly seized by the men. On a warm sunny day

[Illustrations on page 6]

1. My squadron being inspected before going out on a demonstration the night the Tommies landed at the back of our communication trenches. Note the white badges as a distinguishing mark for our gun-boats. The bushes down on the beach is where Leo Hova was hit.

2. Snap of myself having a shot or two at a Turkish sniper, or rather trying to find him. The Turks use smokeless powder, and you cannot pick up a sniper's position easily. This particular sniper accounted for a number of our men.

3. Netley Abbey, Hampshire; 1100 A.D. Cistercian Monks.



at Chatham's Post the men were idly looking out over the sea and taking occasional pot shots at the trenches opposite, when from somewhere appeared a black and tan smooth haired mongrel. He trotted down towards Brighton Beach to the accompanying whistles of our men and cries of "Here boy! Get away back there! Good boy Towser, come behind! Sit down!" On he trotted and took a paddle in the water when someone fired a shot just behind him. One startled look and he was off along the beach. Crack! and his pace was accelerated, and presently he was all out towards Gaba Tepe, with every now and then a bullet zipping just behind him. I don't think anyone took his time, but it was just 1100 yards from our trenches to Gaba Tepe, and we estimated that he had at any rate done it in even time. Simple as they seem to an outsider—these little happenings all help to while away the weary hours of watching and waiting.

[Illustrations on page 8]

1. On the right at Anzac. Fifth and Eleventh Light Horsemen camped about 200 yards behind the firing line. On the broad white track in foreground Dr. Espie Dodds was struck down with shrapnel in the shoulder as he was running to help a man of the 11th (Corporal Johnson), who was hit amongst the bushes below the track. On top of hill, just below the two bushes, can be seen the entrance to sap leading to Chatham's Post, with sandbagged blacksmith's shop at entrance.

2. One of our men in the firing trench, "Chatham's Post," Gallipoli.

3. Firing a Periscope Rifle—a photograph taken at "Quinn's Post," where only a matter of yards separated Turks and Australians. The framework of the periscope is made of pieces of boxes nailed together. The trigger is in the act of being pulled by the soldier by means of a piece of tie wire.

4. The beach at Anzac, showing a shrapnel-riddled boat in the water, commencement of Walker's Ridge on the left, and the "Sphynx." Behind the "Sphynx" is "Sniper's Crevice," from which, in the early days after the landing, a Turkish sniper concealed himself and sniped many of our men. He was lowered down with a rope for each day's "work," and had a supply of water and food with him. He was afterwards shot, and his legs could be seen for a long time sticking over the edge of his crevice.

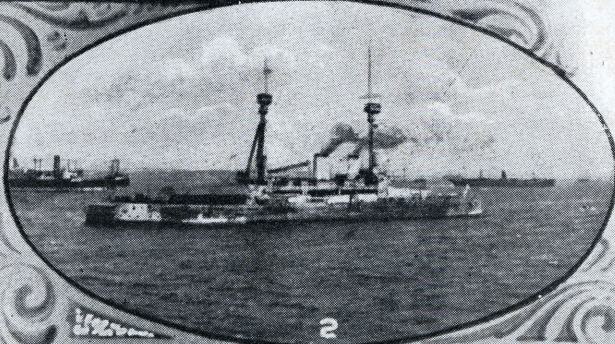


1. Life-belt Drill on board
s.s. "Marquette."

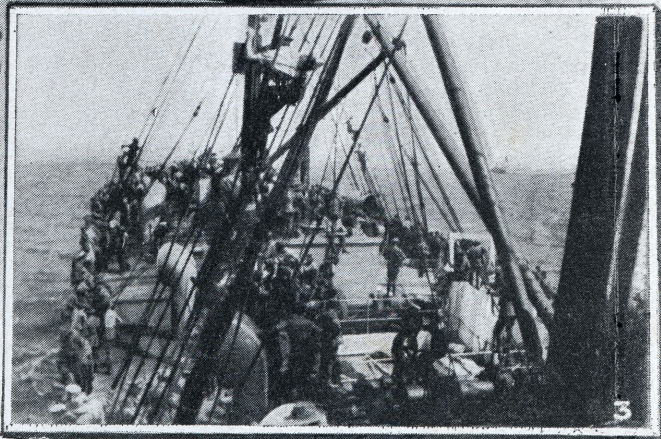
2. Pre-Dreadnought battleship
H. M. S. "Agamemnon"
in Lemnos harbor, 1915

3. 11th Light Horse Regi-
ment on board the
transport "Mar-
quette" en route
from Alexandria to
Lemnos.

(The "Mar-
quette" was
later on sunk
by an enemy
submarine, six
New Zealand
nurses being
among
those
lost.)



2



3

(The "Agamemnon" was affectionately termed "the good old 'Aggie'" by many of the Australians who had often watched her bombarding Turkish positions on the Peninsula.)

THE DESTROYER ON THE RIGHT FLANK.

Our little friend the destroyer which each night crept in to within half a mile of the beach, must have caused Abdul many a sleepless night. Regularly just after darkness had set in from our trenches could be discerned a dim shape in the offing—it seemed to come from nowhere, but just to arrive as a matter of course. Then suddenly a long beam of dazzling light would shoot out from her searchlight, and after sweeping along the beach would perhaps settle on the old fort on Gata Tepe, then on to Twin Trenches and gradually sneak along to the Green Knoll Balkan gunpits, and so on right along the Turkish position, as if seeking something—then suddenly it would stop and concentrate on some new work or new trench, and presently bang, crash, a high explosive shell would land with wonderful accuracy and up in the air in dust and smoke would go some work that had cost poor old Abdul hours of shovelling and toil to complete. Then the beam of light would shift and another target would be found and treated in the same summary manner. One night a lot of overhead work had been done in the Balkan Gunpits, and evidently some new idea was being carried out. Next night our little friend crept in and acting on information received from our headquarters, put three well-aimed shots plunk right in the pits. Up went overhead work, sandbags and big beams of timber, and next morning two gaping jagged pits were exposed to the light of the day. After strafing the Turkish trenches well, the destroyer would just be there with her searchlight illuminating No Man's Land, which we watched for a shot at any stray scouting parties or patrols which might be out in front.

We loved that little destroyer like a brother, and if she did not come along at her usual hour—we would feel quite disappointed at being deprived of our nightly fireworks.

No doubt the Turks felt differently.

STUNTS.

A "stunt" is any little operation carried out to harass the enemy and to keep him jumpy and wondering what would come next.

Major Midgely, of the 5th Light Horse, was a splendid officer and game as a pebble, but he dearly loved his "stunts," and we often wondered what he would do next. Many projects were mooted and discussed in the officer's mess for making life miserable for the Turks just opposite to our particular bit of trench, and they must have guessed that we had some particularly fertile brain operating before the Major was knocked out of action.

Our great aim was to make them waste ammunition, and one well engineered "stunt" which I recall must have cost them many thousands of rounds. At 3.30 a.m. thirty men of the 5th and 11th under Captain Wright and Lieutenant Munro crept out from the beach post, and entered along the beach opposite the Turkish lines running towards Gaba Tepe. At 4 a.m. the 30 men fired five rounds rapid then stopped and crouched under the ledge of earth which ran along the beach. All along the line rippled the Turks' fire and grew in intensity, they evidently thinking an attack was contemplated. When they were well going and must have had their front trenches well manned, suddenly in quick succession came ten rounds of shrapnel from the little destroyer which hitherto had been lying quiet and unsuspected off shore. With wonderful accuracy the shrapnel hailed down on the front enemy trenches and must have done great execution.

Strangely enough the Turks would never fire their big guns at night if it could be avoided, as they did not wish to give away their cunningly con-

cealed positions, so the destroyer had a free hand. Just at daybreak in came our 30 men, after expending about 150 rounds of ammunition, and causing Abdul to expend some thousands of rounds, and probably to lose a number of men.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COUNTRY OUT IN FRONT OF OUR LINES.

Achi Baba is the little hill you can see away in the distance, and the belt of timber you can see is the olive grove where the famous "Beachy Bill" was supposed to be hidden.



BEACHY BILL.

Everyone who has read stories of "Anzac" knows "Beachy." "Beachy" was one gun or a battery of guns (we never quite knew which) located somewhere near or in the Olive Grove, about three miles directly in front of our position. Beachy had the exact range of Anzac beach and all of our positions, and would choose a time when a big working party was busy stacking or handling stores on the beach to send over a shell. Very seldom did a day pass without Beachy taking toll of good Australian or New Zealand lives. Occasionally our batteries would get annoyed and send over half a dozen or ten shells into the Olive Grove to find "Beachy," then as sure as sunrise, after all was quiet from our side a dull distant boom would be heard, then the whine of a shell and down on the beach among the biscuits and bully beef or perhaps amongst some unfortunate working party a hail of "Beachy's" shrapnel would fall. It was exasperating, but we could do nothing but swear and ask each other, "What are our batteries doing," but they were doing all they could, as in those days shells were a rare commodity and none were fired unless the necessity was great. If we had only had the supplies that are available nowadays; but then, if we had only had lots of things in those days how different might results have been.

"Look out for Beachy," was a familiar cry behind the lines, and there would be a dive for cover, and when the explosion was over, out we would come again and swear at "Beachy" for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time.

SHADOWS.

Owing to the Turks' superior gun positions, they always "had the drop" on us, and could shell our working parties on the beach during the day-time with unceasing accuracy. Likewise they commanded all the sea approach to Anzac cove for a considerable distance out. Consequently all our stores and reinforcements had to be landed in lighters and boats in the dead of night. As dusk was falling almost any night, if you looked over towards Imbros and Samothrace, you could discern dim shapes or shadows moving slowly out from the sheltering islands. Later in the night, if you listened intently, you might hear a muffled rattle as of an anchor chain running out and then silence, if you still listened you might hear the creak of an oar in a rowlock or a faint hail, that was all. Then as the grey light of morning broke and you were "standing to arms" in that dim hour before the dawn which all hated but endured, if you chanced to look seawards you could see one or perhaps two long grey shapes or shadows moving off towards the west.

Some mornings the daylight would come too quickly, and in full view would be seen a grey tramp steamer hurriedly making out to sea, perhaps followed by a shell or two from our old friend "Beachy."

By these signs would we know that more biscuits and bully beef had been landed or other necessities of life, or that during the night some more of our mates had come to give us a helping hand.

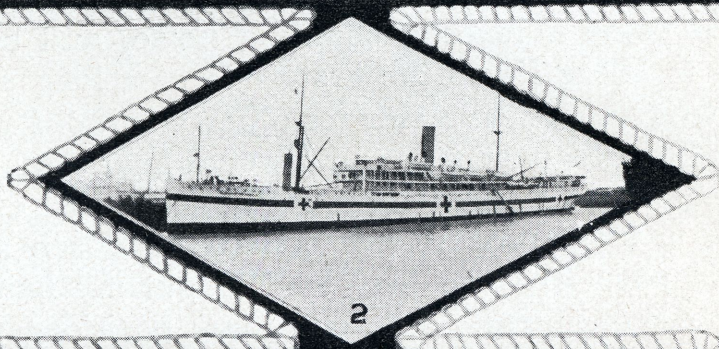
HOSPITAL SHIPS.

There were very few "pretty" sights connected with the Gallipoli campaign, but one there was at which many a night we gazed with longing eyes, and inwardly said: "Oh for a nice little wound to give us a few days in that floating paradise." Inwardly we said it, but outwardly would scorn any such suggestion.

I am referring to the hospital ships which, like a bright jewel shone through the dark nights in a blaze of green, white and red lights. One or two long rows of emeralds with a huge flashing ruby cross mid way, picked out here and there with white diamonds is the only description I can give as they appeared to us.

There was always one and sometimes two or three hospital ships anchored just off Anzac Cove, while more stood off Suvla Bay and still more down at Cape Helles. To the Turks credit be it said that never did I know of a stray shell finding its mark on one of these boats, although many a time we have watched small launches or perhaps dispatch boats, which had gamely run in under fire to the beach, race out again hotly pursued by shells from Beachy Bill, and pass close to the hospital ships. Immediately they got too close for safety, the shells would stop.

To our despatch boats' credit it is a fact that they never wittingly used the hospital boats as a buffer, but sometimes had to pass close in the exercise of their duties. Although no shells ever hit the hospital boats, they came in for a lot of unaimed rifle fire, and on the "Assaye," the boat which carried me from Gallipoli to England, ill with enteric, I was told that when Turkish rifle fire was hot inland the bullets used to patter like hail on their decks and of course, the plates on the ship's side, so that it was not always the paradise which it seemed from the trenches.



1. Suspension bridge in gardens at the "Barrage," Egypt, showing two Australian nurses and soldier. 2. Hospital Ship. 3. Petty officers and sailors from H.A.M.S. "Australia."

MULES.

The British army mule, as we knew him on Gallipoli, was a remarkable little beast, and the Indians who attended him were just as wonderful in their handling of him.

My idea of a mule was always that he was a thing to be avoided, and one which would kick on sight, and was in every way objectionable.

My sojourn on Gallipoli changed my opinion. I have been walking along a steep hillside track on a pitch dark night, when suddenly out of nowhere would come a jingling shuffling noise, and before I knew where I was the first mule of a long string carrying rations or watêr or other munitions would have brushed past me, and I would hear perhaps a soft "Salaam Sahib" from the silent-footed driver. Then in long procession, perhaps a dozen mules would pass so close that I could put my hand on any one of them. All over our positions these strings wound their way at night time, hardy, silent and efficient little animals, which would live where a horse would die.

It was well worth one's while to visit the mule camp and to watch them, scores and scores of them contentedly eating their "tibbin" or ration which looked like dirty straw and which was in reality hay steeped in some oil—linseed, I think it was. Nearby were their attendants' dugouts, and these men were equally interesting—quiet, dignified looking men, always respectful to the white man and highly efficient in the discharge of their duty.



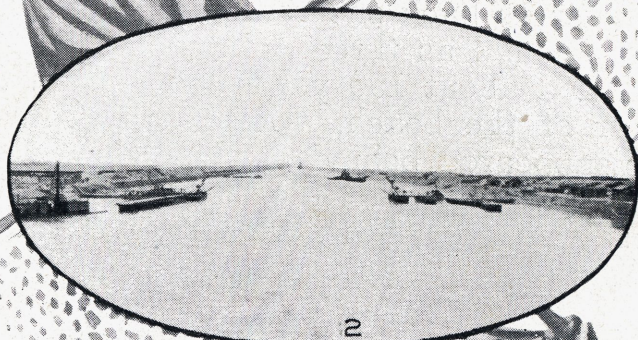
SOME OF THE MULES IN MULE GULLY
AND SOME OF THE INDIAN CAMPS ON THE SIDE OF THE HILL



TAUBES AND AEROPLANES.

All is quiet in our lines, breakfast is just over and the day's watch in the firing trench is just beginning when suddenly a distant humming whirr is heard. Immediately all eyes are turned skywards and inland. Somewhere a Taube is starting on a tour of inspection. Soon it is picked up and gradually from a tiny speck in the blue it grows into the well-known bird-like shape of a Taube. On it comes very high up, and circles over our positions, presently puff! A small white cloud appears below, then one above, then a couple right close up. Our anti-aircraft guns are getting busy, and, we have hopes but in vain, on sails the bird of ill omen untouched, followed by little billowy blobs of white. Hello! here's one of ours! and high up in the clear bright sunlight from over towards Imbros where our hangars are, comes one of our bi-planes. On it comes and in the clear light we can see its concentric rings of red and white. In contrast with the dull sinister looking Taube with its grim iron crosses, our machine looks a thing of grace and beauty.

Will there be a fight? Our hopes run high. Ah, the Taube has sighted our machine and up, up it goes, back inland, it is now out of range, but our bi-plane is lower and mounting, and now Turkish shells commence to attend it. On it goes over the enemy's lines, pursued by little white puffs, and we can hear the rattle of their machine guns aiming at it. The Taube has disappeared, declining a fight, and our machine does a bit of reconnaissance up and down their lines, then turns south and flies high over the land towards Achi Baba and Cape Helles; then when it has had a good look over the

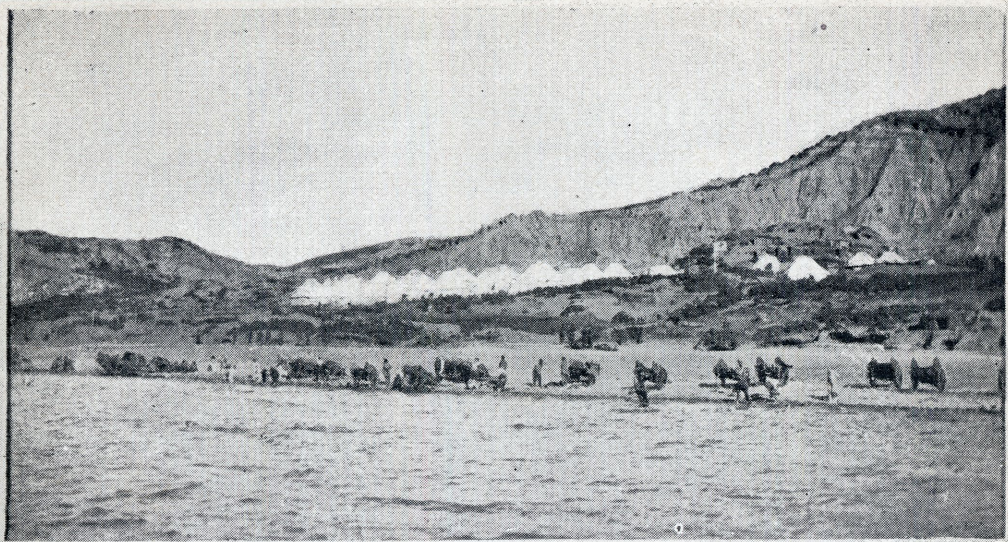


1 and 2. Scenes on Suez Canal, showing pontoon bridges.
3. Camp of Australians on bank of Canal.

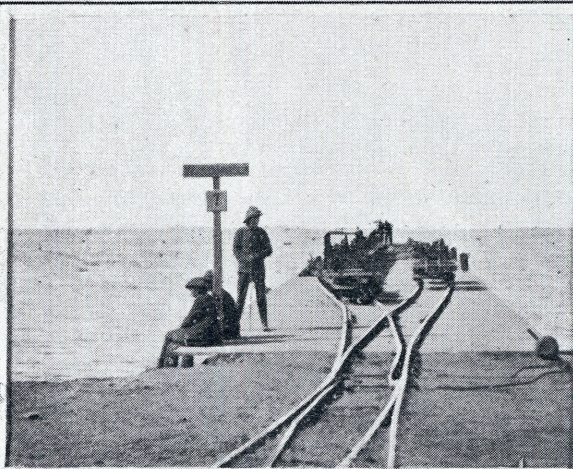
peninsula, back it circles and comes over us again, finally returning to Imbros from above Suvla Bay. This is almost a daily occurrence.

On one occasion a Taube suddenly appeared from nowhere, and flying low, came from northwards, right along our line evidently looking for new developments in our lines. Lieutenant McLaughlin, of 5th Light Horse and I happened to be doing a bit of sniping from No. 1 possie, when it came over us. We filled our magazines and up our sights to 2800 yards, and let go rapid fire at our unwelcome visitor. Whether we hit the machine or only went close, we could not tell, but after passing over us back she came and we could hear a whirring sound as three great bombs fell splash and exploded about 150 yards from us in the sea just clear of the beach. After this salute the Taube disappeared behind a white cloud and rose high before emerging on the other side. We were glad to say farewell, but were sorry we did not aim just a little bit more accurately.

A few days later something went wrong with one of our reconnoitering bi-planes and she planed down on to the strip of white beach near the field hospital, which we could see with our glasses at Suvla Bay. No sooner had she landed and the mechanic and observer got busy repairing the fault than puff! A flash and puff of smoke appeared nearby, another and then another until we had counted 52 shell bursts, some of which to our eyes appeared to burst right on the machine. Apparently the marksmanship of the Turkish battery in question was not quite accurate, as after about three-quarters of an hour—up went the machine and out over the sea towards Imbros, evidently unharmed. We felt inclined to cheer, but contented ourselves with thinking that the men belonging to her must have had a pretty anxious and a hot time whilst effecting repairs.



1. North Beach, with Field Ambulance up under the hill. All the mule carts along the beach are the carts used by the Indians to cart stuff up from the beach.



2. Williams' Pier, on North Beach, Anzac, built under shell and rifle fire.

3. Shell bursting on Gabatepe, Brighton Beach in foreground; our barbed wire out in front of sandbag parapet.



THE BEACH AT ANZAC.

The beach proper consisted of a narrow strip of sand from which the hills sloped, in some places precipitately, in others gradually inland. Not being present at the landing I did not see it in its natural state, but as I remember it it was a depository for all manner of stores and impedimenta, fragments of boats, broken mule carts, heaps of ammunition neatly stacked against a wall cut from the hillside, and out of shell fire, coils of wire, huge stacks of biscuits and bully, stacks of petrol tins full of fresh water and canvas water bags, stacks of sandbags, lines of mule carts in a row at the water's edge, carcasses of mules which had floated in on the tide and would have to be towed out to sea again, stretchers, all kinds of military equipment, empty shell cases, and a thousand and one odds and ends. Along the beach was laid a light trolley track which started out from the piers in front of headquarters and was used for transferring stores, etc., unloaded from lighters to dumps further along. Abundant evidence was there of the attentions and accuracy of Beachy Bill, in the shape of burst cases and sunken boats. Amidst all this miscellaneous assortment, a constant crowd of men of many nationalities moved, staff officers, both English and Australasian, doctors, stretcher-bearers, A.M.C. men, field officers, working parties, from all arms of the service, Seiks, Goorkhas, Maories, English Tommies, Australians and New Zealanders in all stages of undress, the prevailing outfit being short khaki trousers, a hat and a pair of boots, with a skin burned as brown as a berry. Here I might mention a popular story told of a Turkish order captured, which stated that "From observations made it is certain that the Australian army is in its large stages of demoralisation, the men being mostly half naked."

Of course this was in the warm summer weather, when the cold winter set in our fellows put on all they could muster or "borrow."

In addition to the nationalities I have quoted, there were also "Gyppies" or Egyptian coolies, brought out to do carrying work and occasionally Turkish prisoners, who seemed quite happy in their surroundings. They were well fed, well treated, and on one occasion when it was thought advisable to let them escape to tell of their good quarters and to induce others to surrender—they refused to



ANZAC BEACH, LOOKING NORTH



escape. So much for the actual beach. The hill-sides rising from the sand were a mass of warren like dugouts, from the little one man burrow to the commodious (?) headquarters and quarter-master's abodes. As you went North from Anzac Cove, you gradually came to more dangerous points, and here might be seen portions of the track screened with bushes, here a signboard "Hurry past this point" or "Dangerous sniper here." These places came under observation from Walker's Ridge, and it was here that a great piece of engineering was carried out. A long winding deep sap extended back from and parallel with the beach for about three-quarter mile, wide enough for two loaded mules to walk abreast and deep enough to be out of enemy observation. From this sap an off-shoot was dug inland and a notice stuck on the wall stating that this was the way to the "Maori Pah." Emerging from this sap you turned to the right and went up a long gully which eventually took you to Rhododendron Spur and Table Top. From Rhododendron Spur a splendid view of the country could be obtained, extending from Suvla Bay to Anafarta Village.

THE PADRE.

The good work done by our padres has been eulogised by abler pens than mine, but I wish to add my appreciation to that of others. Looking back to our days in Egypt, when we were camped at Almaya, I vividly remember the last church service of our Brigade, conducted by Chaplain-Captain Gordon. He was always a man in all senses of the word and I never listened to a more sincere effective address than that which he delivered to our Brigade Company, the 11th, 12th, and 13th Light Horse Regiments. Our parting from him on the occasion of our departure for Gallipoli was one which we all regretted, and I am sorry to say I never ran across

him again, although in a recent paper I saw that he is still with the 11th and 12th in Egypt.

Later on in Gallipoli when I was lying ill for a week, my old friend Father Murphy was kindness itself and walked some three miles to sit and talk with me. My recollections of him are and always will be those of a kindly, sympathetic and genuine man.

Then there was another padre, whose name I cannot recall, but I remember that he wore the ribbon of the South African campaign on his tunic, and was a short, thick-set, athletic looking man. I believe that he was a minister before the South African war, but resigned his parish to go as a trooper, he served through that war and then took up his ministerial work again, and when this present war broke out, he again answered the call, this time as a chaplain. When Corporal Pascoe, of 11th, made the great sacrifice, Lieutenant Munro and



REINFORCEMENTS IN FRONT OF 2ND LIGHT HORSE BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS ON "SHRAPNEL GREEN."

myself went to Brigadier Ryrie's headquarters to try and get a chaplain to conduct the burial service, we had difficulty in getting one. However, we eventually got in touch with this particular man. He had a service to conduct at 7 p.m., three miles from headquarters, but promised to be at the burial ground at "Shrapnel Green" at 6 p.m. sharp, and asked us to be there. It was just five then, and he walked about two miles, was right on time, read the burial service for poor old Pascoe, and was just off on his three mile walk back when some bearers brought the body of Captain Robinson from Lone Pine, where he had been shot that afternoon, and asked the padre to wait. A grave was dug, the captain's body was buried, then the padre shook hands all round, and off he walked to his service three miles away. All this happened on a spot under direct observation from Gaba Tepe, and any moment a shell was liable to come over, while plenty of stray rifle bullets were falling nearby. By such unselfish acts have our chaplains made their grand name.



“BLIGHTY.”

An Australian soldier speaks of getting home again—an English Tommy speaks of getting back to “Blighty,” by which he means England. My short stay in “Blighty” was full of interest, and I came away with the feeling that I had only penetrated the thin outer crust of old England. Four months in hospital and six short weeks of convalescence supplied me with food for thought for many a year.

Netley Hospital (Red Cross), was a collection of about 40 corrugated iron huts, during my time, under the control of the British Red Cross Society, with Sir Warren Brooke Lawless as military commandant.

A better conducted hospital I could not imagine. The English sisters, kind and efficient, and the doctors, men of high professional ability. Attached to the staff were 30 Japanese sisters and two doctors, of whom the head was Surgeon General Suzuki, surgeon-general to the Japanese fleet. These representatives of our Ally endeared themselves to us all, patients and staff alike, and when they left for Japan in January, 1916, they carried with them the good wishes of all.

Out of hospital, I went to London and stayed at the Abbotsford Hotel, off Russell Square, where many Australians were located, amongst others Colonel Cannan and his wife, Lieutenant Arthur Morgan of 11th Light Horse, Farrier Q.M.S. Jack Ross, 5th L.H., Corporal Rudd, 11th Light Horse (Rockhampton), Captain Thompson (of Brisbane), serving in the Worcester Regiment, and many others.

London was very different to my pre-war conception of it. At night every window was darkened (a blind undrawn at night would soon attract a watchful policeman's eye), and notices warning

people to show no window lights at night were posted in all hotels. The globes of all street lights were painted black on the top surface and curtailed in numbers. Motor car head lights darkened, train windows darkened with blinds, in fact as little light was shown at night as possible.

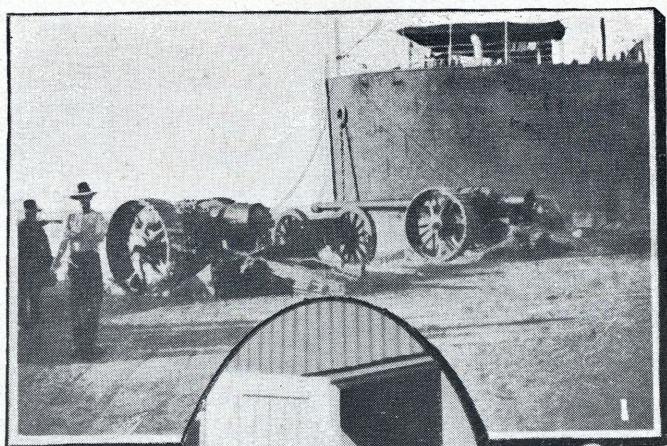
In the day time business as usual was the order, but the streets were filled with khaki clad soldiers of all branches of the service, with here and there the attractive slate blue of the French poileau over on leave. Compulsory service was not then in vogue, so there were then many in civilian clothes, who later would don khaki. Recruiting meetings were frequent sights, the favourite places of meeting being, Trafalgar Square and Gladstone's Monument, at the head of Fleet street, Nelson's Monument was the great place for recruiters and the great lions at the foot of the monument formed vantage points for the adventurous.

On one occasion the base of the monument was placarded with the following poster: "Single men will you march too or wait until March two."

This referred to the fact that after March 2nd, under Lord Derby's scheme, those fit eligible men who had not offered their services would be called up.

The "Anzac Buffet" at Australian headquarters in Horseferry road was a great godsend to Australians invalided to England.

Lady Robinson, the wife of the Queensland Agent-General was a great friend to us all, and many acts of kindness on her part will be long remembered by those of us who were privileged to meet her.



1. Naval 6-inch Guns on the pier at Alexandria waiting transport to Gallipoli. 2. First day out of the ward after three months' enteric; pretty groggy on his pins. 3. Machine Gun Section at Chatham's Post; Turks about 200 yards away at this point; two members of 11th L.H. and one 5th Light Horseman on right holding a trench periscope; in bottom left hand corner can be seen a trench fumigator.

As it was during the winter months that I was in England, I did not see it at its best, but the trim hedges, neat little fields, snug thatched cottages and general solid prosperity of the country districts one could not fail to notice.

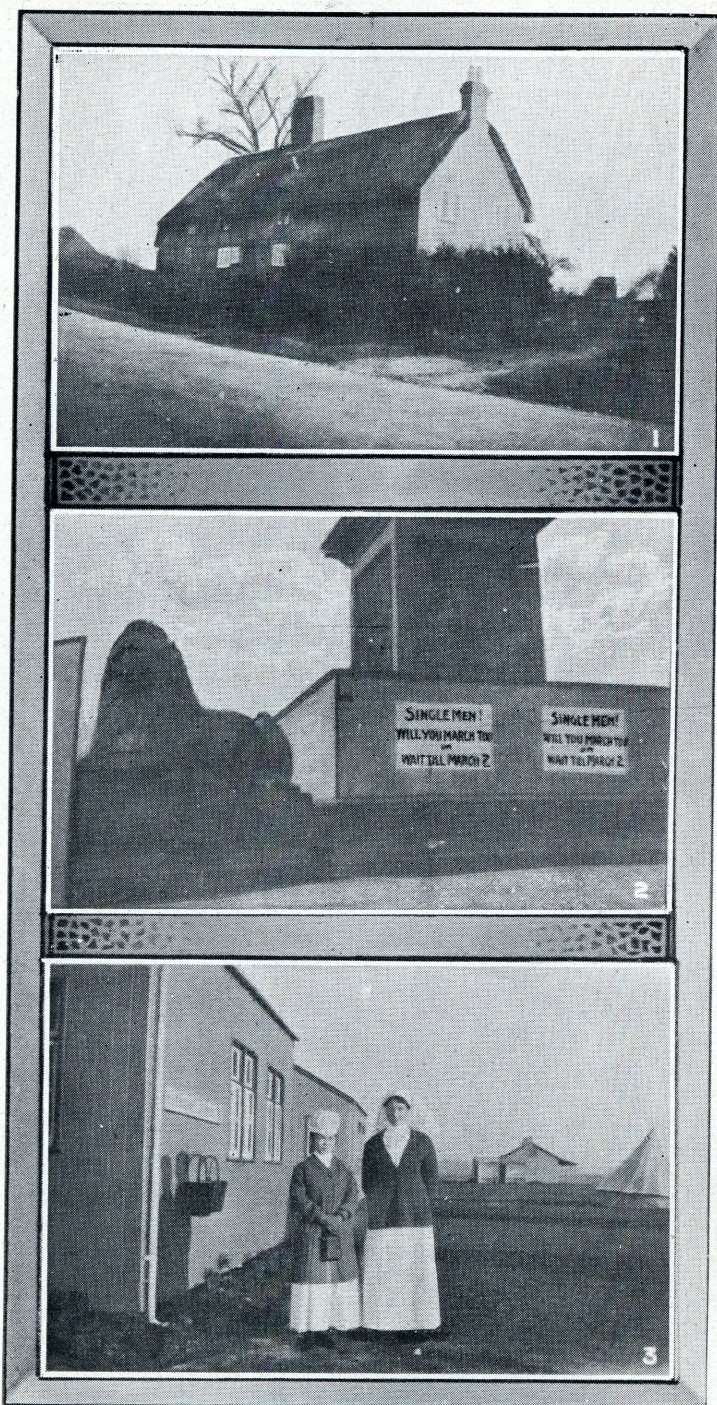
Two Zeppelin raids took place while I was in England, both over Kent, but neither of them reached London. On one occasion I happened to be in a train coming from Ealing at night, when news came that a raid was on, immediately all lights were extinguished and the train stopped for about ten minutes and then went slowly on.

In the meantime, hundreds of searchlights were sweeping the sky in all directions, making a dazzling display of light.

In London there are so many places of interest that to describe them all would be impossible. At the time of my visit, however, certain places possessed special features of interest for me.

At Smithfield, the huge Smithfield meat works were a wonderful sight, a huge concern covering acres of ground and containing thousands on thousands of carcasses. There one could see Australian beef and mutton in huge quantities all frozen hard as a board. Nestling alongside the markets and quite unsuspected is the old, old church of St. Bartholemew, dating back 900 years, and containing the statue and tomb of its founder. At the time I saw it, it was all blinded with sandbags as a guard against bombs from Zeppelins.

Another interesting ecclesiastical building is the Temple of the Crusaders, in Temple Court, which dates back to about the same time as that of St. Bartholemew. This has a wonderful carved door and inside are tombs, and bronze statues of Knight Templars reclining on the



1. Old thatched farm house in Hampshire. 2- Recruiting poster at foot of Nelson's monument, Trafalgar Square, London. 3. English and Japanese Red Cross Sisters at Netley.

tombs. Some have their legs crossed which signifies that they had been on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. All round the circular chapel runs a ledge made up of faces carved in stone, each face having a most agonised expression, symbolical of souls in hell suffering the torments of the damned.

An old church ruin which I visited in Hampshire was that of Netley Abbey, built by the Cistercian monks in about 1100 A.D. Snapshots of which I have shown.

Of course, the Tower of London, St. Paul's and Westminster were all throbbing with interest to Australians. Then Hampstead Heath and Goulder's Green were worth visiting, as they have been known towns from childhood as the haunt of "Arry" and "Arriet" of Coster fame. Then Hyde Park, with its Rotten Row was a place of interest. My friend ———, a tall 6ft. 3in bushman, rode for exercise there with some Australian friends living in London, and created much interest, and not a little excitement. A good rider, he had a very big mount, and not a bad sort, and when he stood up in his stirrups and let him out a bit, the onlookers evinced much interest. likewise a big policeman, who bailed him up. The horse was hard to hold, and it was only at the second attempt that the "peeler" was able to stop him. "You mustn't ride like that," said he. "Like what," said ———. "Standing up and galloping like you did," said the peeler. "That's the way I always ride," said ———. "Well it won't do here," said the peeler, and my friend had to sit back and sedately pace along much to the relief of the other riders (?) out for exercise. No doubt in normal times there are good riders and horses on Rotten Row, but we certainly saw very few. I finally left for Australia in a steamer which passed over the exact course which two days afterwards, the ——— took and was blown into two halves by a floating mine.



HAMPSTEAD HEATH (ENG.)

The following copy is of a letter which was tied round a stick and thrown over into our trenches at Quinn's Post.

The spelling and general boastful tone of the letter clearly points to its German origin. I have seen the original, and although it is signed in Turkish characters, the wording is unmistakably Hunnish, likewise the tone.

"Englisch soldiers taken prisoners by us state they have been tolde that each soldier which as fallen into our hands will be killed. Don't believe that lie, only told to persuade you to prefer being killed than to surrender. Be convinced that everybody of you who has been taken prisoner will be treated just as well as the international law commands.

"France, England and Russia have been beaten awfully and suffered tremendous losses during the last ten days. More than 100,000 Russians have been taken prisoners by the Germans in Polonia. Libau, a Russian harbour in the Baltic Sea, has been taken by the Germans. Dunquerque has been bombarded with the heaviest guns. Calais and Warshaw are in danger. The very next days will bring new losses to the allied forces of the Entente. There is no chance for you to get the Narrows."

War

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